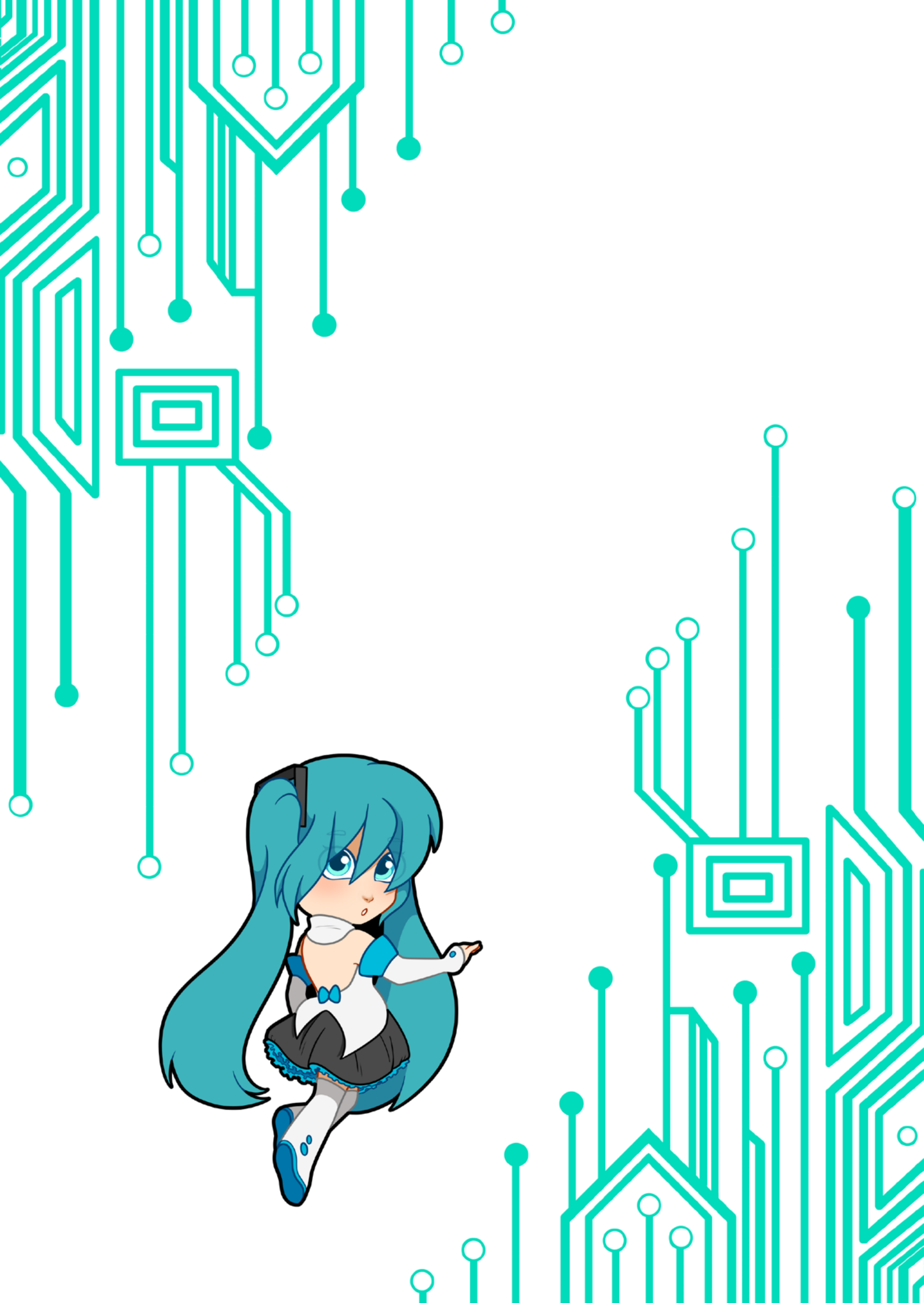




Love
Words!

05123





An unofficial all vocaloids zine inspired by the song “Love Words” by Deco*27
showing our love and appreciation to the virtual singers, music producers,
and the vocaloid community as a whole <3

X [@LoveWords_zine](https://twitter.com/LoveWords_zine)





2K10 H&S NE



COLORFUL

by Hetaari

Miku and her iconic blue-green twin tails.

Luka and her cherry blossom pink hair.

The Kagamines with their golden hair and blue eyes.

And Kaito, who was quite possibly the bluest person she knew.

The common denominator? They were all so colorful.

Meiko hadn't really paid it much mind before now, but she began to notice after overhearing a comment someone made about her. They weren't necessarily saying it in any sort of rude or snide way (or, at least, she hoped they weren't), but there was something about being called "bland" that really struck a nerve. The worst part was that they were right. Not to say that she was ugly (she certainly didn't find herself unattractive per se), but she couldn't help but feel that in general, she was just...plain.

She sat at the dining room table, mindlessly scrolling on her phone, trying to avoid looking directly at her reflection within it. Miku and Luka went to a recording session, Rin and Len went to the Internet House (Apparently Gakupo offended them, somehow), and Master had gone to class, leaving her alone with Kaito, who was tidying the living room. Every so often, she'd glance up from her phone, and they'd briefly make direct eye contact, making her feel awkward. When she next looked up from her phone, Kaito was sitting right across from her, giving her a fright.

“Jesus Christ, Kaito.”

“My bad. You look a little bothered, and I was just wondering if you were all right.”

“I’m fine, don’t worry about me.”

“You’re not! I can tell there’s something bothering you!”

“...Is it really that obvious?”

“Objectively? Not necessarily. But I know you, so I can just tell.” Kaito then walked off, going into the kitchen, rummaged through the freezer, took something out of a drawer, and came back to the table, sliding a spoon and a pint of ice cream towards Meiko.

‘Chocolate,’ she thought. ‘He really does know me.’

“Now, whenever you’re ready... I’m listening.”

For a moment, she was silent, hesitant to say anything, feeling weirdly vulnerable; but Kaito offered to listen, and they told each other just about everything, and she trusted him enough to be open, even if she was feeling a bit shy about it. “...Can I ask you kind of a weird question?”

“Go for it.”

“Do you think I’m boring?”

“Eh?”

“Be honest.”

“No way, I don’t think you’re boring at all! Why?”

“Just asking.” When she looked up from her ice cream, she was met with Kaito giving her the look, the sort of look that made it clear that he knew she wasn’t being entirely honest.

She hated that look.

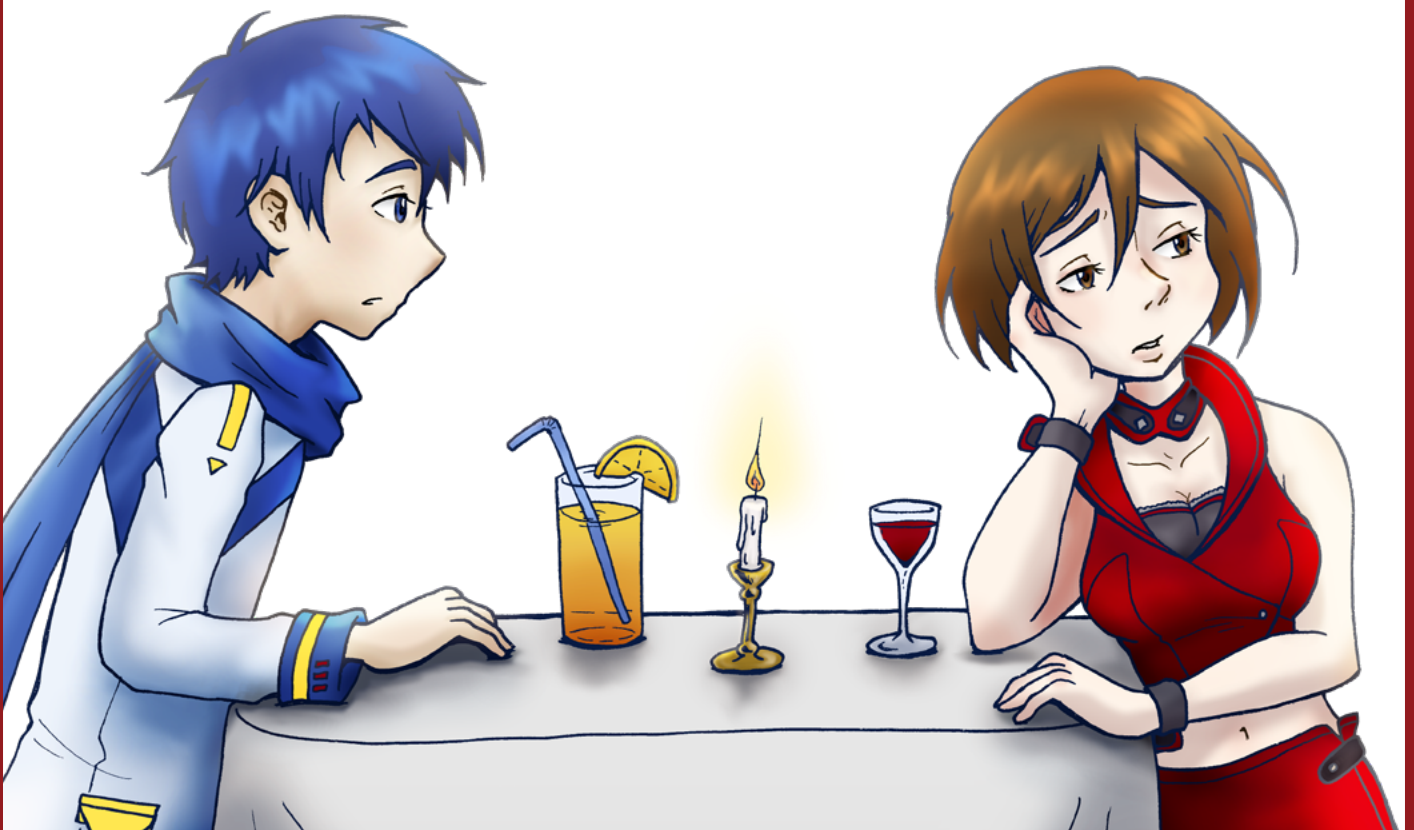
“Okay, fine,” Meiko said, sounding a bit defeated. “I heard someone say I’m bland, and I’ve been thinking about it ever since.”

Kaito looked bewildered. “They called you bland?”

“Yeah. I get it, though.”

“Well, I don’t! What the heck do they mean by that?”

Had she not been in a bad mood, Meiko would’ve laughed at Kaito, who sounded offended. “...Have you seen the others? Hell, have you looked in a mirror recently?”



“Sure, why?”

“You and the others are so much more colorful.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. The hair, the blue eyes... Brown eyes are bland, don’t you think?”

“Not at all! Plenty of cool things are brown! Rocks, wood, dogs, those tiny little bunnies, and chocolate ice cream, too! And besides, it’s not like you’re the only one with brown eyes here. Master’s eyes are brown.”

“Master has red hair and freckles, though, which makes her more visually interesting!”

Kaito momentarily found himself at a loss; the thought of Meiko being insecure about her appearance had never really crossed his mind, as she normally didn’t seem to care for the opinions of others in that way. Though her confiding in him was not at all new, he somehow found himself surprised by it every time. “I wouldn’t say you’re boring or unpleasant to look at at all! I mean, yeah, beauty is subjective, but regardless of what you say or what anyone else says, you’re extremely pretty.”

“...You don’t need to flatter me...”

“It’s not flattery! I really mean it!” Kaito then gently held Meiko’s face within his hands, looking her straight in the eyes. “Listen to me: you don’t exist just to be looked at. Yeah, that statement kind of makes no sense given what our job is, but still, your looks are not all you have to offer. Regardless of what you look like, you’re so wonderful, you know that?”

“You’re just saying that.”

“I’m not ‘just saying that,’ I’m being serious!” Kaito left his spot across the table and moved to the seat next to Meiko, throwing his arms around her. “I really, really look up to you. You’re everything I wish I could be. You’re beautiful and wonderful and Goddamn it, no matter how long it’s gonna take me, I want to make sure you understand how amazing you are!”

She couldn’t say anything. Even if she wanted to, Meiko couldn’t say a word, ten thousand different thoughts bouncing around in her head. There was a strange feeling swirling around in the pit of her stomach, a weird mix of happiness and embarrassment. Knowing Kaito, as sappy and, occasionally, strangely persistent he could be, she was sure she’d be hearing things like that for the rest of her life.

“If only you knew,” she finally said, “how much better than me you are.”

“And if only you knew how wrong you are about that,” Kaito retorted. “You’re very special to me, so I want you to be able to love yourself more!”

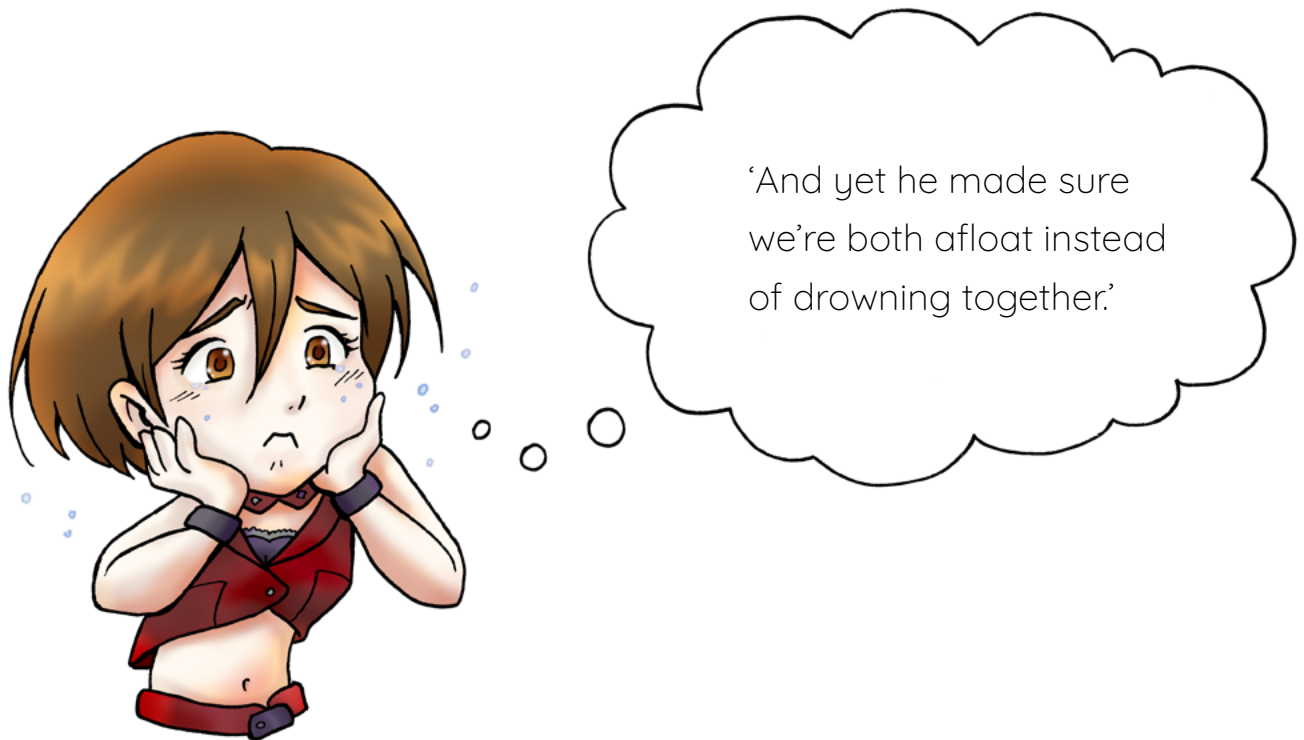
“...Wouldn’t that be arrogant, though?”

“It’s not arrogant to recognize when you’re really great. Yeah, you often have to take other people’s opinions into account, and stuff, but don’t allow them to completely control you.”

‘That makes sense.’

In the end, she’d taken someone’s comment to heart...and she felt a little silly, having made a bit of a fuss about it (even if it was pried out of her). She knew that Kaito had his own issues, quite similar to hers,

actually, but he went out of his way to pull her up instead of just being miserable along with her. Maybe it would've been easier for them to gripe together, and yet...

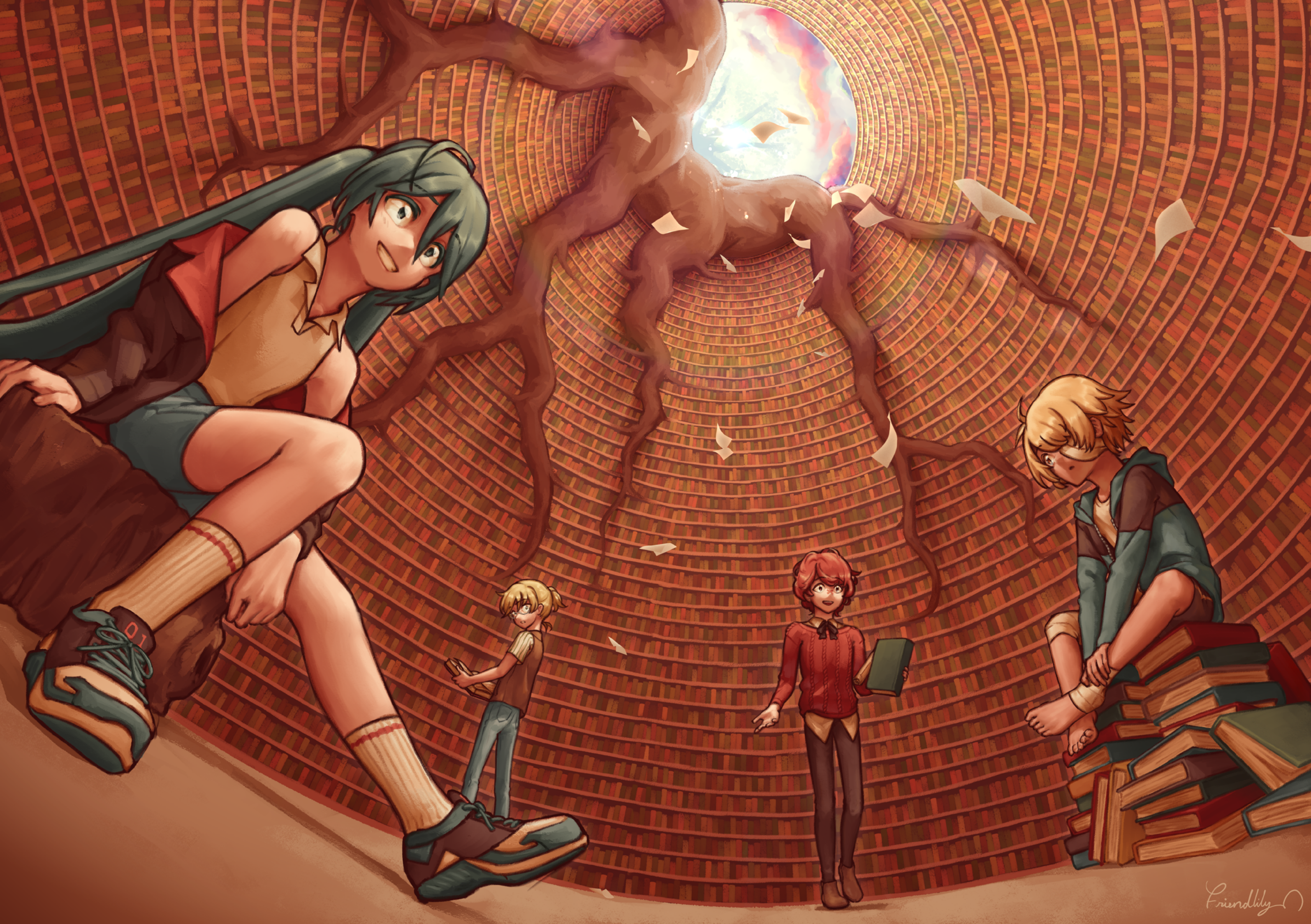


“Kaito.”

“Hmm?”

“Thank you. I don’t know where I’d be without you.”

And he smiled, a little gentler than normal, but it was still just as contagious, and she found herself smiling back at him. In all honesty, Meiko believed he deserved more than just a simple, measly little ‘thank you.’ Kaito isn’t the sort who expects a whole lot, but still, this ‘thank you’ all on its own didn’t feel like enough; she said so, and he told her, “You knowing how amazing and colorful you really are is gratitude in itself.”









人間だった ft. 初音ミク



君の脈で踊りたかった ft. 初音ミク



タタラ ft. 初音ミク

chirptiel

@chirptiel_art











The Bluebird

by Pichu

After another long day,
My footsteps trudge along the same old path.
Yet amid today's looming shadows
where my gaze often follows,
The corner of my eye catches a bright trail of blue.

A tiny bluebird. An uncanny,
almost mocking sight to my piteous plight,
till a hum I once recognised wafts through the air,
accompanying her presence as she glides by.

Her shimmer streams around an open field,
beckoning me to take a seat.
She somersaults as soon as she lays eyes on my screen,
and picks out that familiar tune for me.

Across the clearing, the grass begins to whistle.
A journey unearthed after its burial
in pockets of time for far too long.
Her voice resonates throughout the sky,
reminiscent of one who lifted me up
through tears and forlorn nights with her song.

“... from me and just for you, so many birds
Carrying my love words.”
I finally keep apace with the path we now share,
yet the bluebird has since taken flight again,
her humming now a distant echo in the air.

And as her trail fades,
looking to shower on another,
I gaze upon the night sky,
at the one who made me believe
in brighter tomorrows once more,
just like she did before.















Pink Hair Dye

by Asteroidnerd

“Hey, Rin-chan! It’s nice seeing you out here!”

“Oh, Meiko! Hey! What’s up?”

“Not much, honestly I’m just looking for a—“

Meiko stopped as she eyed Rin’s shopping basket. They were in a popular general market, so it wasn’t out of place to see the other there. That wasn’t what Meiko was focused on, though. No, she was more worried about what was inside Rin’s basket.

Pink Hair Dye.

It wasn’t uncommon for Vocaloids to have crazy hair colors. Luka had pastel pink, Kaito had deep ocean blue, and Miku had bright teal (or on some occasions, pink).

The only problem was that they usually kept their wild hair colors consistent. No random switch ups, or crazy changes.

“Uhh... Why do you have pink hair dye in your basket?” Meiko asked as casually as she could.

“Hm? Oh, this?” Rin lifted her basket, looking ever so slightly sheepish.

“Oh, it’s nothing really. I just wanted a change, that’s all!”

Meiko furrowed her brows.

“Right... A change... But this seems a bit excessive, no? I mean, what brought it on?”

“Oh, you know, a little bit of this, a little bit of that. Just normal teenage girl stuff, yknow?”

Meiko crossed her arms over her chest, looking a bit more concerned than before.

“Rin, believe me. I know more than anyone about relationship troubles. Now, please, tell me what’s going on?”

“Wha—? Relation—? Ah! No, no, no! You’ve got it all wrong!” Rin flailed her hands around, trying to find a way to explain her predicament without saying too much, but eventually sighed. “Fine... I’ll tell you. But only if you promise to say nothing, okay?”

“My lips are sealed.”

“Well...” Rin rubbed her arm, looking away. “I’m so tired of being compared to Len. Every time someone sees me, they don’t see Kagamine Rin, they just see girl Len. It’s tiring! So, I decided to make myself stand out a bit more.” She held up the basket, shaking it a little. “Miku gets to change her hair every once in a while, right? So why shouldn’t I?”



“Rin...” Meiko didn’t even know where to begin. “I can understand wanting to make yourself stand out a bit more, but is this the best way to do it?”

“Of course it is! Sakura Rin is gonna be a huge hit! People are gonna love it, I just know it!” She chirped.

“Okay, sure. But... you know you’re more than just your hair color, right? You’ve got a bright personality, and people see you as more than just—”

“Meiko, please.” Rin held a hand out to silence the elder. “I know what I’m doing, ‘kay? You don’t gotta worry about me, I’ve got it all under control!”



It was not, as Rin said, “all under control.”

Rin could only stare at her reflection in the mirror as tears threatened to fall from her eyes. Her hair, which was planned to be a beautiful pastel pink, was now a bright tangerine instead. She wasn’t sure exactly how it happened, but she was pretty sure it had something to do with the fact that her hair was closer to yellow than it was blonde.

Of course, that didn’t solve her problems. Staring into the mirror, she tried time and time again to wipe her tears, to no avail. Every time her eyes would dry, they would come back twofold. She couldn’t stop herself from crying, almost like some child.



Was that really what she was? A child? Not even worthy of being considered a virtual idol? She was only 14, after all. The whole reason her head looked like a traffic cone was because she was being petty and didn't want to be compared to her counterpart anymore—but that was just dumb! They're counterparts; they're supposed to be compared to each other!

Rin whimpered as she covered her eyes. At that moment, she felt more pathetic than anything. She should've just listened to Meiko about what she said, but of course, Rin had to be so headstrong and be right all the time—

Knock knock knock.

"Uh... Rin? Is everything okay in there?"

A concerned feminine voice floated through the other side of the locked bathroom door. Miku. Rin's head snapped to stare in horror at the jiggling doorknob.

"Use the bathroom upstairs," she dismissed, slouching in her position. "This one's occupied."

"I don't need to use the bathroom," Miku explained. "I just... I was worried. I heard sniffing through the door and I wanted to make sure

you were all right.”

Of course you did. You have to be so nice to me all of the time, I can't even be mad at you because you're not mean and this is all entirely my own fault because I wanted to be more like you, but I can't because you're so— so you! Rin's thoughts went rampant as she furrowed her brows in frustration, mostly at herself.

“mfine.” She huffed through gritted teeth. She didn't need perfect Virtual Idol Miku worrying over how she messed up her hair.

“Rin, come on, please don't be like that,” Miku pleaded. “I'm your friend, so please tell me what's going on?”

Rin stopped for a moment.

The way she was thinking about everything was all wrong. Miku wasn't her competition, or some villain she needed to defeat to become a better idol. She was her friend, just like all the other idols were. And like any good friend, she was concerned for her.

Turning to the door, she held the doorknob, hesitating.

“Okay, but... promise not to laugh, okay?”

“I promise.”

The door unlocked with a click as Rin opened the door, revealing her pumpkin-tinted hair to the other, her head held down in shame. Miku could only cover her mouth and gasp, staring at what used to be her beautiful blonde hair.

“Rin... what happened?” Miku asked, reaching out a hand and touching the soft strands of hair.

Rin’s lips wobbled. Just three words, three words were all it took to make Rin’s walls crumble. She hiccupped as tears began to flow down her cheeks.

“I—I was sick of being compared to Len,” she babbled. “And I know you get to change your hair a lot, ‘cause you’re popular and people like you a lot, and— and so I...” She gestured behind her, to the empty box of pink hair dye scattered across the bathroom counter. “I thought that I would try to make myself Sakura Kagamine Rin just so I could stand out a bit more but... but it didn’t work, and now I’m orange!”

Rin covered her face in shame, sobbing into the palms of her hands to escape Miku’s kind gaze. Miku only nodded in understanding as she opened her arms and slowly embraced Rin.

“Rin,” she began. “You are so much more than just some copy of Len, you know that?”

Rin didn’t respond, so Miku continued.

“You’re a confident girl. Young girls everywhere look up to you, because while you’re young, you show them that that doesn’t mean they can’t be talented! You’re peppy, witty, and a kind person! Overall, you’re amazing, Rin. Don’t let anyone, not even yourself, tell you otherwise.”

Rin hesitated for a moment. It was embarrassing how weak she felt, but at the same time, this was Miku, one of her closest friends. She lifted her head and met her gaze.

“Really?”

“Of course.” Miku hummed. “Now come on, let’s go get some hair color remover, okay?”

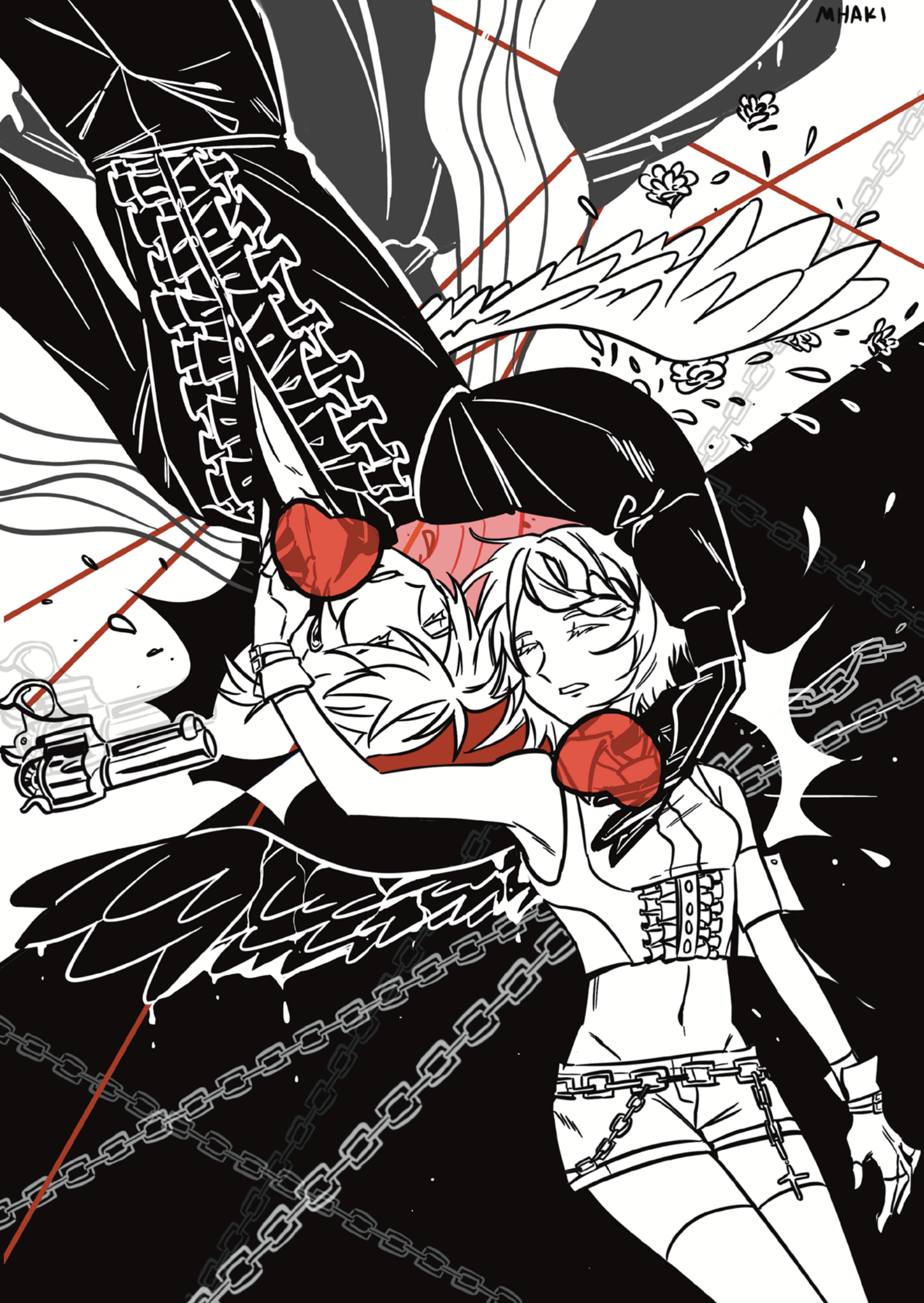
“... That sounds good to me.”



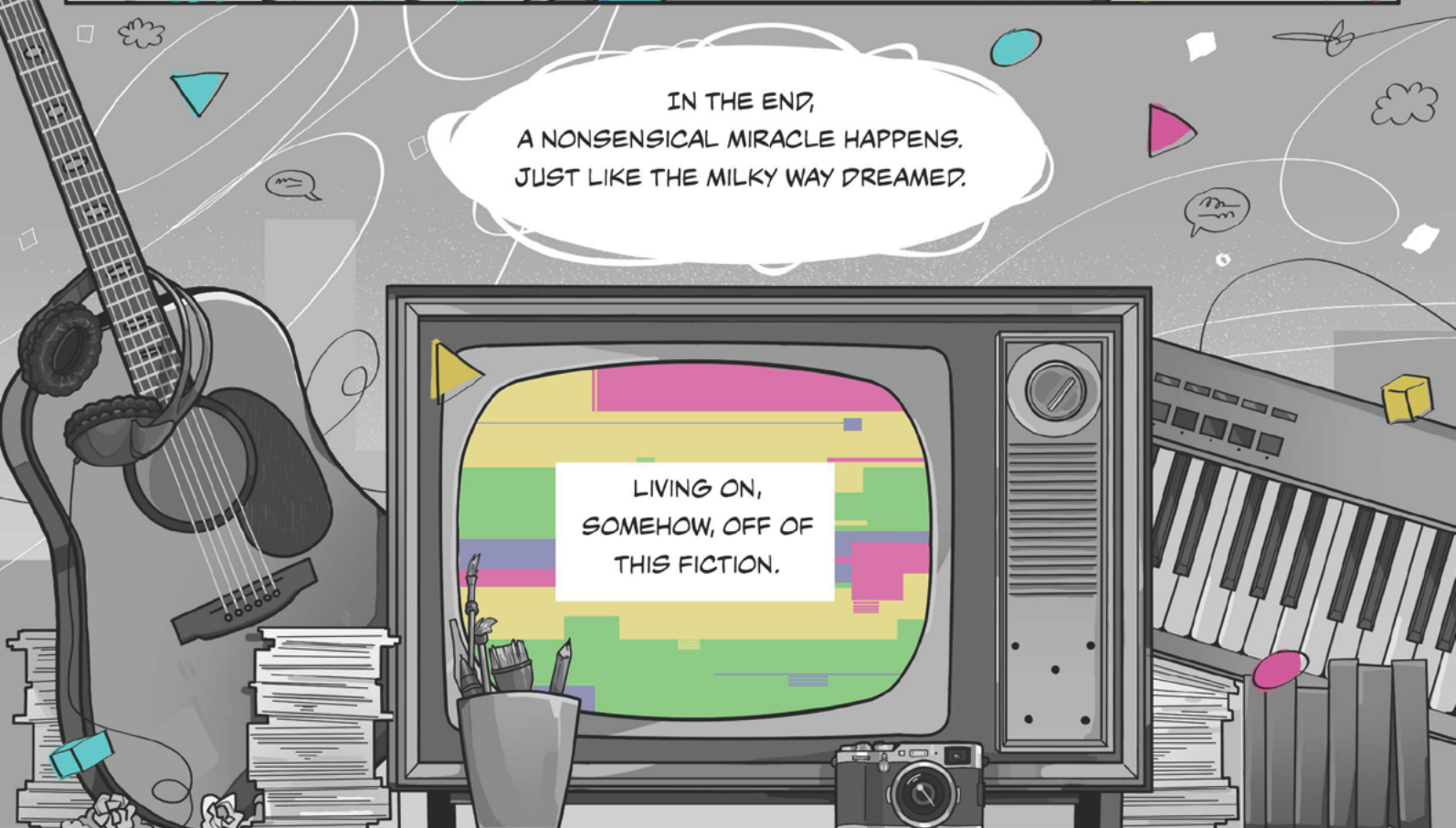
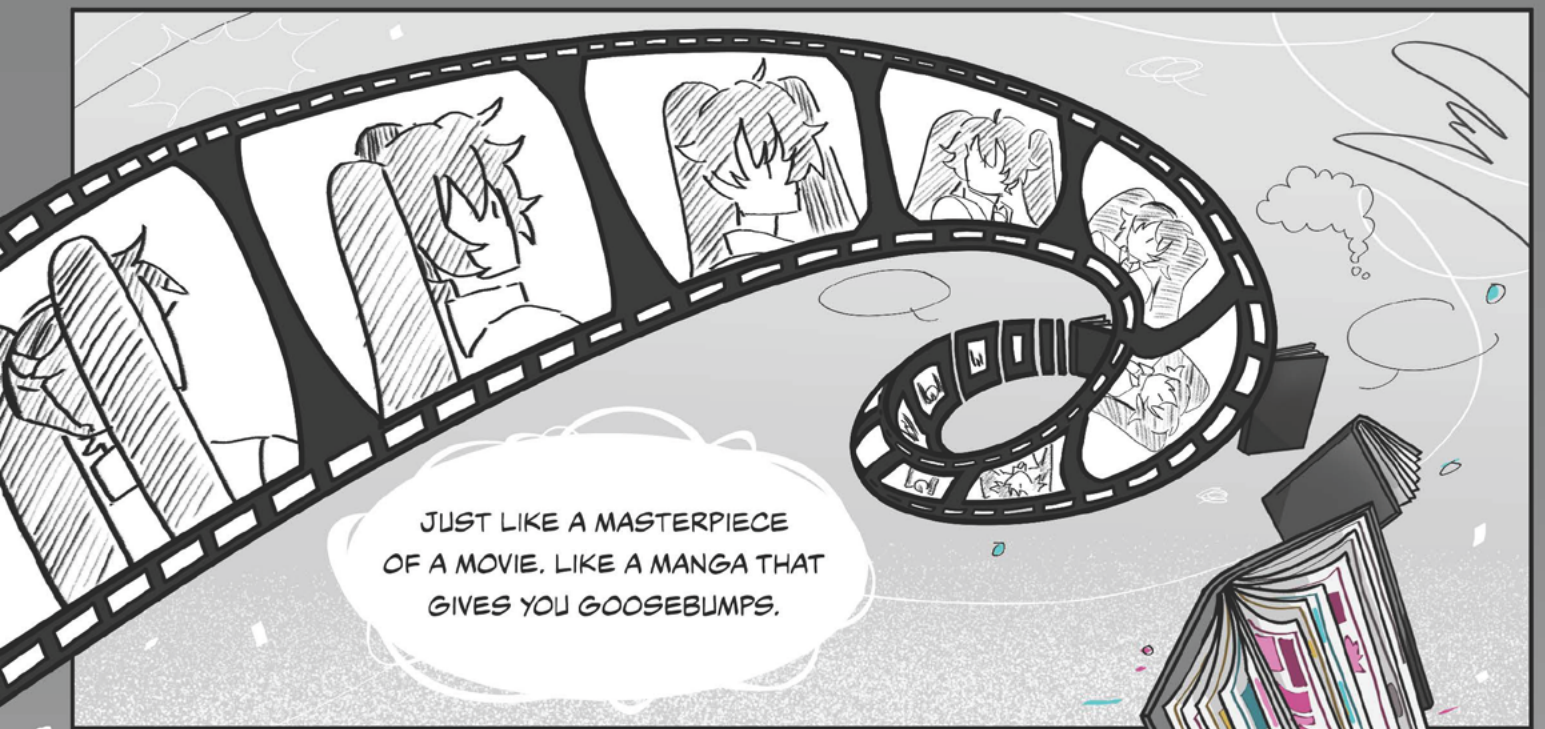
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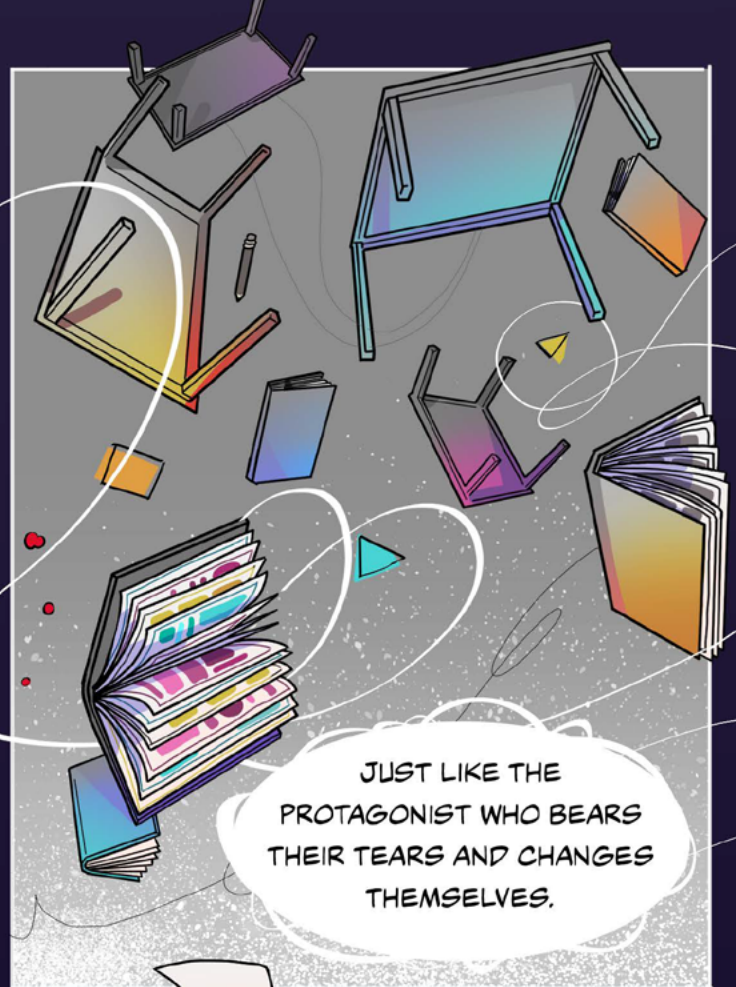








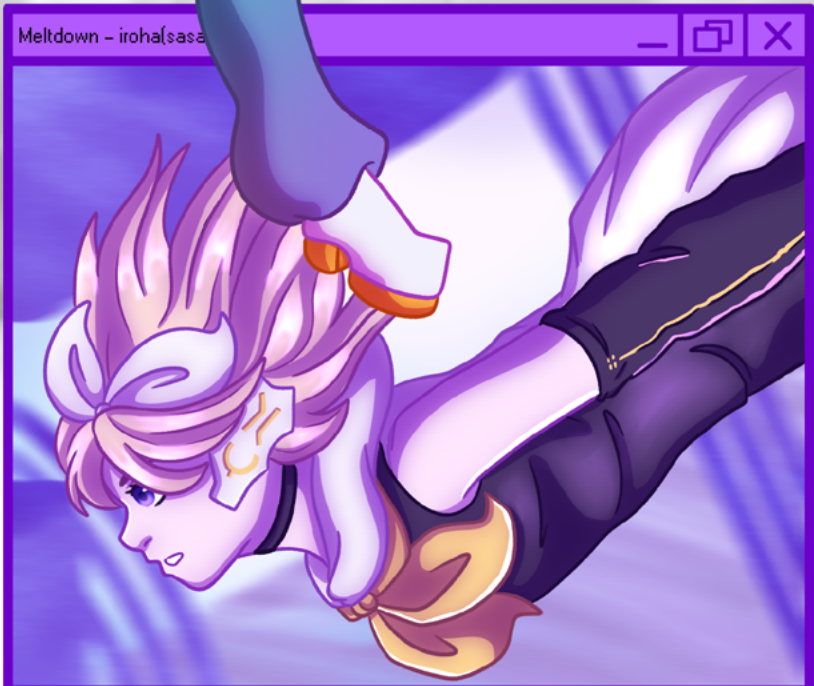
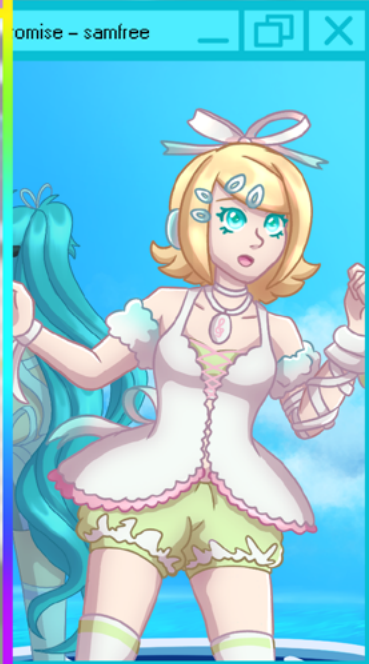
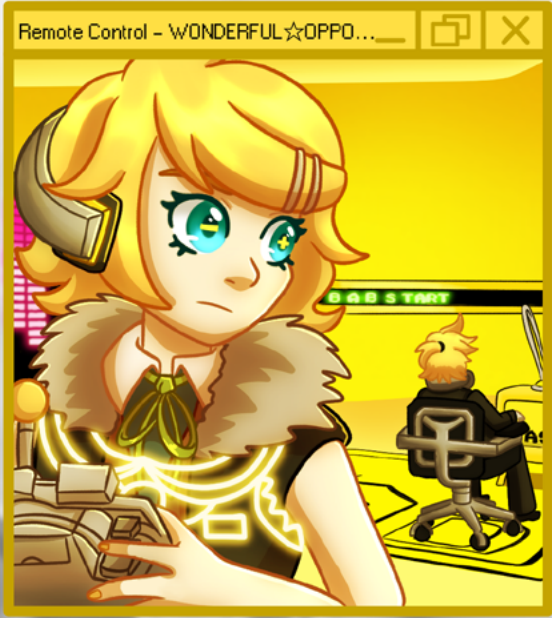




EVEN IF YOU'RE FAKE,
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH
YOU'VE SAVED ME.











The Colors That Shine

by notxsocial

Blinking open her eyes, Hatsune Miku was met with a blinding void. As far as she could see, everything surrounding her was coated in the purest of whites. The absence of colour in the vast expanse made it both ethereal and terrifying at once. Slowly, the vocaloid rose to her feet, noting that the heels of her shoes still made a sound as they hit the floor, hearing that familiar click. Looking around herself, she wondered where she must be – if she was anywhere to begin with.

“Hello?”



Calling out to nothing, Miku hoped she'd earn a response. In return, what she received was her own voice echoing throughout the nothingness. With a frown tugging at her lips, Miku advanced through the space with questions flooding her mind, concern lining each one that entered her headspace. It was quiet, and she was the only source of sound – but it was precisely that that revitalised her.

Hatsune Miku was a vocaloid. A precious idol, adored by fans. She was looked upon as the ultimate catalyst for music. The ultimate, inspiring presence. If there was one thing above all that she knew she could do well, it was song.

With her lips drawn into a curve, a soft hum rumbled out from her throat. It was a pleasant tune, one that eased her mind of its worries, relaxing her formerly stiff posture. To her surprise, it seemed as if the notes she hummed resonated with the void. Filling her ears was an upbeat rhythm, stemming from none other than what she assumed to be nothing all around her, it was suited perfectly for Miku's lead tune. Akin to a bassist ad-libbing for their band, it was as if this space, whatever it may have been, was trying to communicate with her. Miku soon realised that the further into the space she walked, the louder that these sounds became. Previously faint, it was now as if there were speakers right in front of her.

And right in front of her it was. Coming to a stop, her bright, blue eyes curiously took in the appearance of what was in her path. Floating gracefully towards her was a transparent, red orb, emitting a subtle yet mesmerising glow. Without even realising, her hand was drifting towards it, just itching to satisfy the aching feeling of intrigue.

The moment that her finger came into contact with the wispy ball of

rosy red, a surge of emotions sparked within her holographic form. Reds and pinks manifest on her cheeks as blush as if she was being done up with makeup by a ghost, her thoughts filled purely with passion.

“Wow...” Almost breathless from such an intense feeling, Miku had never felt so alive. This rush of feelings warmed her heart, like she'd been taken on a rollercoaster, adrenaline pumping through her body. With excitement bubbling up within her, she eagerly looked around. If she were to venture further into this space, what would she discover? Would more of this emotion make her heart thump against the borders of her chest, or would she find something new, something fresh? Infatuated with the thought of finding new colours and feelings, Miku headed onwards on her new quest with fervour flowing through her veins.

As Miku hummed again, she walked with a faster pace than before. With her eyes on the lookout for another one of those orbs, or whatever they were, just a little speck of glitter would be enough to satisfy her growing curiosity. Questions were filling her mind, confusion lacing each one, but with zest, she continued onward.

As her melody reached the void's air once more, the omnipotent musician responded. Once more, it complemented her tune, and the girl was headed in the direction of the sound. It felt like there was an invisible string wrapped around her heart, pulling her towards something.

What she was to next come across was a gorgeous, floating ball of sparkling gold. It reminded her a little of Kagamine Rin and Len, she thought. Shimmering and shining, she slowed her step as she approached another one of these interesting balls of colour. Reaching

out to it and feeling her fingertips tingle, Miku couldn't help but giggle at the slight tickle.

This time, it wasn't so intense. Rather, it was more mellow, something that wasn't as overwhelming as what she first encountered in this strange space. Watching as the colour in front of her dissipated into nothingness, she felt her heartbeat quicken. Right now, it felt like she was surrounded by people, all laughing and smiling. The air felt warm, and when she breathed it in, she felt all pleasant inside. As if there was a field of flowers growing inside of her, Miku held the same joy as when she would watch her fellow idols perform. Pumping her fist in the air and cheering them on, she could almost envision them right there in front of her.

Although it was quite weird to suddenly wake up in a place like this, Miku didn't mind it so much anymore. It was fascinating. So much so that she wanted more – if this was some kind of dream, Miku wouldn't mind if she were to stay asleep for the entire day.

Setting a goal in her mind, Miku was now on a hunt – “I wonder if I can complete a rainbow...” Wondering aloud to herself, she pondered whether she'd be able to find all the colours, or at least enough to call it one. With red and yellow already ticked off, the next should be green, right?

And that she found. A glistening, viridian light beckoned her to come closer, drawn towards the tune that she hummed once again and the silent lyrics that accompanied. Miku liked this relationship; it was just like with her fans. They'd swarm to her synthetic voice like a moth to a flame and she, in turn, would entertain them with everything that she had to give and offer.

When she had come into contact with this ball of light, there wasn't an exact emotion that she felt. Unlike the other two colours she had previously encountered, this one just felt... good. Miku found that there weren't many words she could use to describe this one. Rather, her shoulders lowered, her posture relaxed – she simply felt at ease. In such an odd kind of dream, maybe this was what she needed. To dispel the confusion, and simply feel good about what was to come her way.

If she had now come across green, then she should next be finding something that resembles the colour of her hair!

With giggles bubbling out of her throat, she had quite the motivation to find a teal, or blue, or anything between. It was her colour after all, and she was desperate to find out what it would make her feel. Using the same method as her prior findings, Miku began to let whatever tune that came to her head vocalise itself, echoing quietly throughout the nothingness. It really was such an interesting place. It resembled the backstage areas where she'd be hours before a concert. Quiet, echoey, sometimes with faint music playing from afar.

When she heard another tune, calling out to her... this time, she recognised it. It was familiar. Coming to a halt, it took her a moment before it hit her. With her finger twitching along to the beat, her pace easily picked up as she journeyed to her next destination.

Her lashes fluttered in surprise when she felt something delicate brush across her cheek on her way there. Tilting her head, her eyes darted back to catch sight of what it was: a petal. A little, pink petal. 'Where could that have come from?' Pondering on the question, she decided not to dwell on it too much. She wasn't even entirely sure if this was

real, and she already had other things in this space to wonder about. But the petals seemed to be persistent. Again, one danced across the air to meet her, falling into the hand that she outstretched. Another, and another, they only kept falling down. Pulling a laugh from deep within her, the vocaloid hurried along a little, lest she be covered in a pile of one thousand of these dainty little flowers. Her eyes had to shut as she practically raced through this sea of fluttering pink coming towards her, and soon, she realised that the music had already stopped.

Whilst the mini tsunami of petals distracted her, Miku had already dashed through the shining blue orb. No wonder she had felt such strong nostalgia in that moment, of performances and concerts where she felt like the world was hers.

But where her little race against the cherry blossoms led her, was to right in front of another colour. This time, there was no song, no tune, no lead or lyric that was begging for her to come interact with it. It was the same silence as when she first opened her eyes in this space. This mystical colour looked like the milky way, filled with pinks and purples and beautiful sparkles. Gazing down at it, her hands felt a little tingly as they neared, even more so when they were directly through it, making it slowly dissipate and fill her body with a new, refreshing feeling: Inspiration.

Her eyes shone as she felt her heart tingle with the threads and notes of a new song, the urge to create feeling ever so strong within her. Of course, Hatsune Miku, being as popular as she was, was always creating, always performing. New songs attracted both new and old fans, it reached people she knew it would, and it reached people she never would have thought would listen to her. Anything was possible through her music.



In this very moment, she finally realised something.

All these feelings, all of these thoughts – her fans always felt the exact same things. Passion, happiness, tranquillity, nostalgia and inspiration. These were all emotions that she evoked within them through her very existence. The connection, the relationship she shared with them, it was special and it was like no other. No matter what, Hatsune Miku always loved her fans.

Looking up from her hands as she was hit with this realisation, she felt like she could see them all in front of her. An energetic crowd eagerly waving around their teal light sticks as she looked over them, waving and greeting, singing and dancing. Envisioning them right before her, the brightest smile came to her lips. It was like any other concert. With strings pulling right at her heart, she felt the most beautiful emotion of all:

Love.

Thank You

A big hello and thank you from the whole Love Words! Vocaloid Zine team! We all really appreciate your downloading our zine, and we hope you're enjoying what you see~

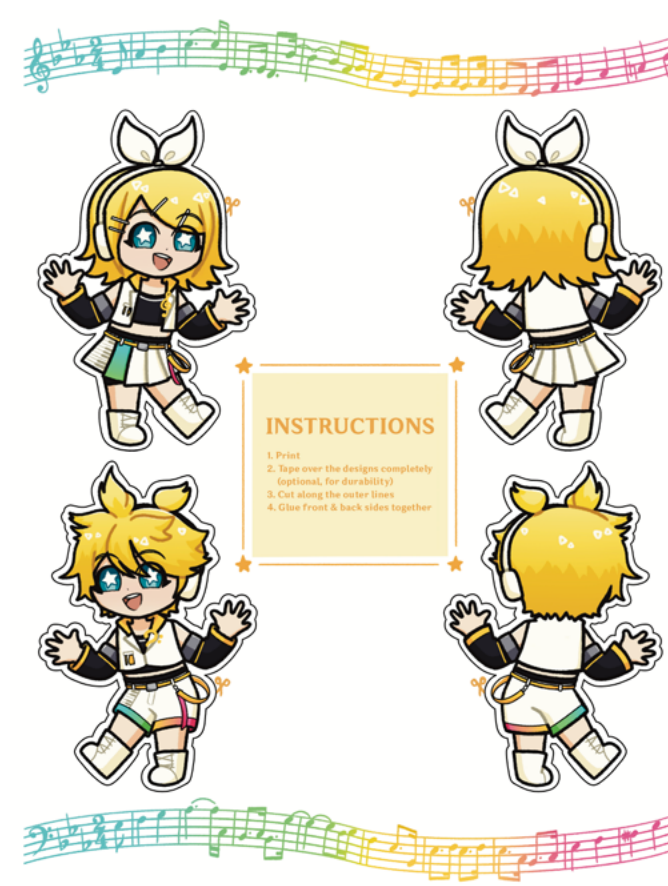
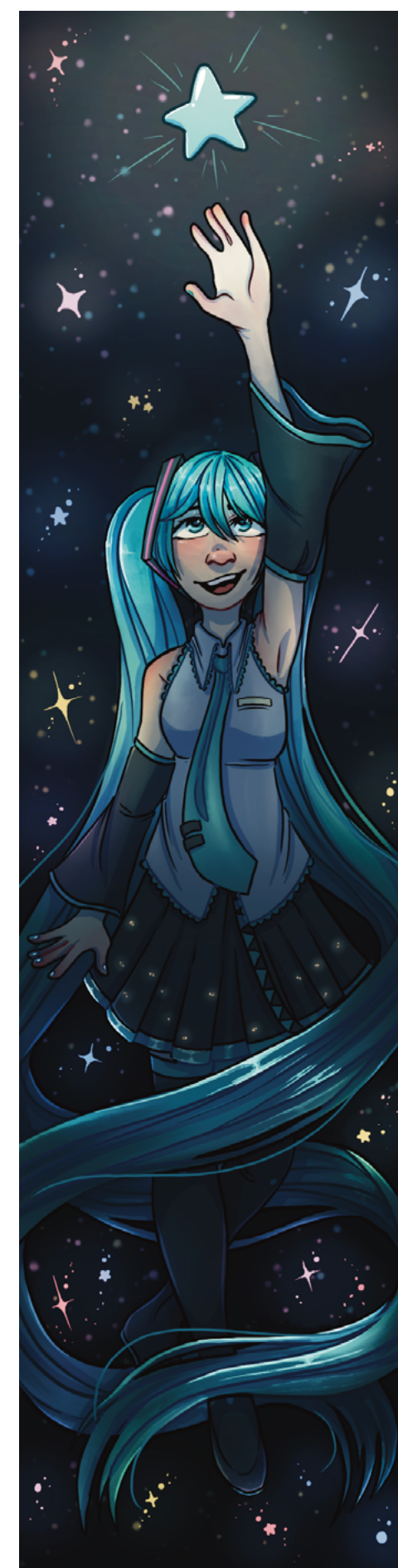
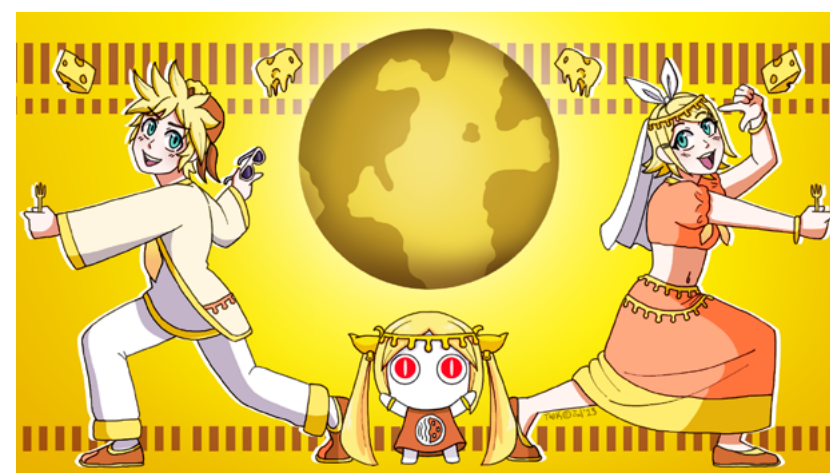
All of us here really love being a part of the vocaloid fandom and community, and we wanted to show our appreciation by creating this unofficial and free zine for everyone to see! We worked really hard on this project, and we're super happy to release it out into the world. Please feel free to share this zine and to continue spreading the love and joy that the vocaloid community has to offer!

39,

The Love Words! Mod Team



Merchandise Showcase





Love
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Contributor Credits



MugenCosmonaut

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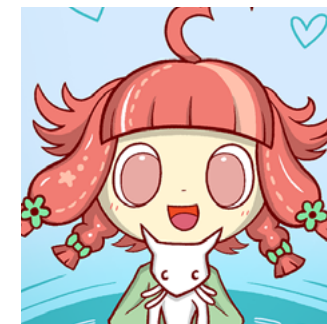
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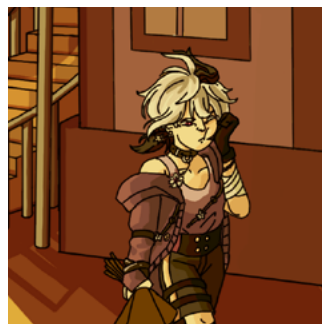


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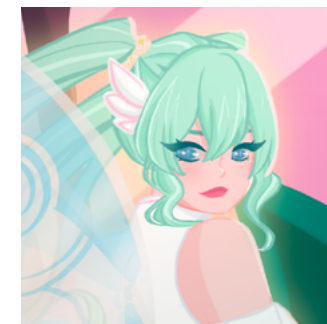
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Rem

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bishoujobitch

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T [@bishoujo-bitch](#)



Mihael

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ghosty

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Ren Churro

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Hetaari

WRITER

T [@Hetaari](#)

X [Hetaari](#)



coco

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shinonon025

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Katou Hasegawa

SPOT ARTIST

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X [katouhasegawa](#)

IG [katouhasegawa.carrrd.co](#)

IG [linktree/katouhasegawa](#)



minmofu

PAGE ARTIST

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IG [@minmofu](#)



Pichu

WRITER

X [@rainysunshines](#)

IG [@justrainysunshines](#)

IG [justrainysunshines.carrrd.co](#)



cakesplice

SPOT ARTIST

X [@cakesplice](#)



Mairieuxu

PAGE ARTIST

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Zoyeah

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etaoira

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redfish

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Star_Candle

PAGE ARTIST

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Asteroidnerd

WRITER

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X [Yeetskeetboogie](#)

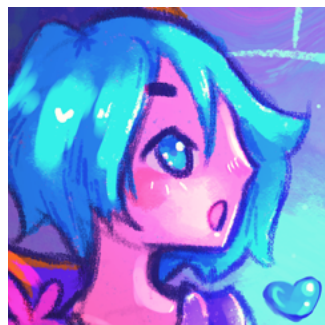


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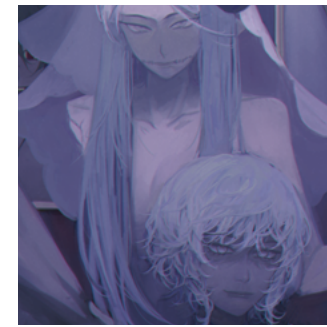
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stingrae36

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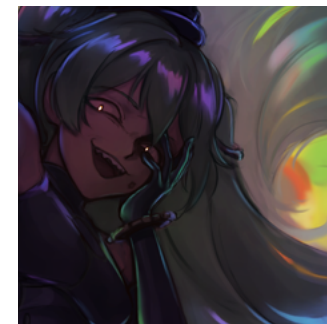


Matchaki

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sonjamu

PAGE ARTIST

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vividcitrus

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Kohaku Dragon

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kaypxz

PAGE ARTIST

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[@kay.pxz](#)



Lachel Wrong | Wrongsuethink

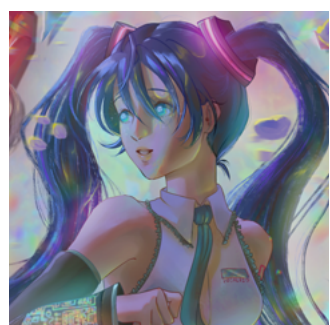
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[wrongsuethink.carrrd.co](#)



WeirdDun

PAGE ARTIST

[@WeirdDun](#)



notxsocial

WRITER

[@notxsocial](#)



Yuki

SPOT ARTIST

[@YukiTheOni](#)



abitofkake

MERCH ARTIST

[@abitofkake](#)

[@abitofkake](#)



sebin

MERCH ARTIST

[astarsor.carrrd.co](#)



Hentaishi

MERCH ARTIST

[@Hentaishi](#)



Haze

MERCH ARTIST

[@blurreyed](#)



Meluco

MERCH ARTIST

[@melucomarket](#)

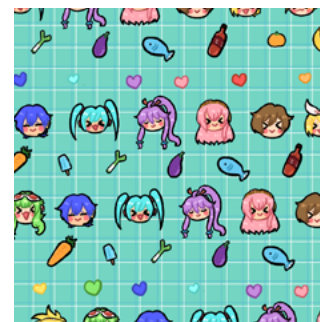
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syni_bread

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posebean

MERCH ARTIST

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Tidal

MERCH ARTIST

[@TidalWaveKitty](#)



fish

MERCH ARTIST

[@lionfjsh](#)

[@lionfjsh](#)



MelloWammy

MERCHANDISE MOD / MERCH ARTIST

X [@MelloWammy](#)

IG [@mellowammy](#)

T [@mw-arts](#)

🌐 [mellowammy.carrd.co](#)



Hevendemo

COVER ARTIST

IG [@hevendemo](#)

🌐 [hevendemo.carrd.co](#)



Ten

SPOT ARTIST

IG [@mynameisactuallyten](#)

T [@MyNamelsActuallyTen](#)



Pauline Reinacher

ART MOD

🌐 [paulinereinacher.wixsite.com/portfolio](#)



Midotea

ART INTERN MOD

IG [@midori_mochitea](#)



Ro

WRITING MOD

🌐 [rollingcard.carrd.co](#)



nmlopez

FORMATTING MOD

IG [@nmlopez360](#)

🌐 [nmlopez.carrd.co](#)



asterriism

GENERAL INTERN MOD

IG [@asterriism](#)





